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P O E M.

By HENRY KIDDELL.

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*Soft are his Numbers: Who can take Offence
When pure Description holds the Place of Sense*

(POPE)



L O N D O N,

RICHARD GRIFFITHS: St. Paul's Church-Yard

T I N E R T O W :

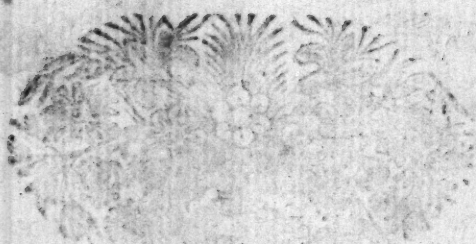
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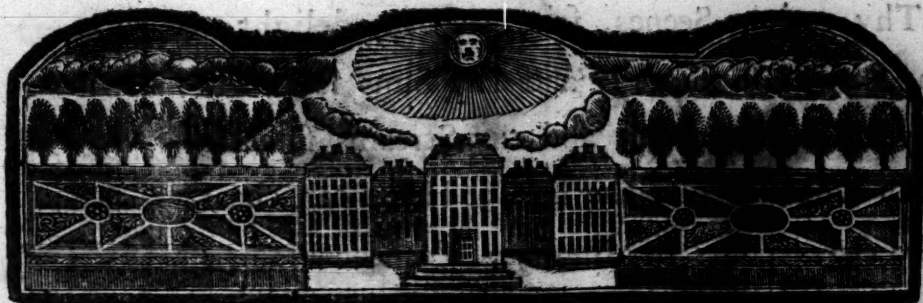
BY HENRY KIDDER.

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L O N D O N.



TIVERTON.

POEM.



F Hills and Vales, if Woodlands, and if Streams,
Can please a Poet, and inspire his Dreams!
Then must thy Beauties, *Tiverton*, demand
The highest Honours from the Poet's Hand:

For not e'en *Windsor* nobler Shades can boast,

And *Cooper's Hill* wou'd in thy Hills be lost.

No Satyrs here infest the lonely Woods,

Nor Monsters gambol in the shining Floods;

But all is Peace and all is Pleasure here.

Thy various Scenes, ~~fair~~ *Tiverton*, delight,
 Thy Lawns so flow'ry; and thy Suns so bright!
 Thy Hills so verdant, and thy Streams so clear!
 With whate'er else the Eye or Heart can chear.
 Here *Ceres* pours her Blessings o'er the Plain,
 Here jovial *Bacchus* and *Pomona* reign;
 Here *N-t-n* trips; the *Venus* of the Green,
 Whose Wit and Beauty animate each Scene;
 Whose equal Temper heightens ev'ry Grace,
 And all her Heart is open'd in her Face.
 To *Adam's* Eye thus *Eve* at first appear'd,
 Supply'd his Wants, and all his Spirits chear'd;
 Such was the Softness that in her he view'd,
 And such the Charms that our great Sire subdu'd.

What Town can boast such noble Names as thine?
 Thy *Courtneys*, *Talbots*, in thy Records shine.
 To spring from *Talbot* is immortal Fame;
 Still trembles *France* at that almighty Name:
 Amaz'd she saw the rapid Race he ran,
 And if not GOD, she thought him more than Man:
 She saw him rough and honest, free and brave;
 Foe to each Tyrant, and each abject Slave.
 She saw him often for his Country bleed,
 Profuse of Blood in ev'ry glor'ous Deed:

She saw her Heroes by his Arm expire,
 An Arm of Thunder, and a Soul of Fire!
 She saw her Cities raz'd, her Battles lost,
 His Name a Thousand, and himself an Host!
 Nor shall ill-fated *Clarence* be unsung,
 Ally'd to Monarchs, and from Heroes sprung;
 Vain his Descent, each tender Tie is vain:
 He dies, his Death secures a Brother's Reign.
 The Royal Blood for speedy Veng'ance calls,
 Just Heav'n regards, and cruel *Richard* falls;
 He falls unwept, curst, hated by the State:
 Let ev'ry Tyrant tremble at his Fate.

Here oft the Swains, when Winter chills the Blood,
 And seals the Current of the murm'ring Flood,
 Amidst whole Beds of Ice, or Show'rs of Snow,
 Send forth the Ball, — a Signal to the Foe.
 The sturdy Foe, all mark'd with many a Scar,
 Attempts the Prey, and so begins the War:
 Each kicks, and spurns, and proud of high Renown,
 Conceals the Smart, nor will his Anguish own;
 But, bleeding, shouts, and furious hurls the Ball,
 And if he falls, he conquers in his Fall!
 To him another Hero soon succeeds,
 Alike his Courage, and alike he bleeds.

In vain with Fury doth his Bosom flame,
 In vain he hopes to celebrate his Name;
 His Feet fly up, his Body beats the Ground:
 Hark! the Ice crackles, and the Streets resound.
 Now near the Goal, and fir'd with strong Disdain,
 These labour not to lose, and those to gain;
 Hero with Hero long for Fame contends,
 And long they suffer e'er the Battle ends:
 Tho' this with Force, and that with Art affails,
 Yet Force, or Art, or Courage nought avails:
 And now they sport, and now again engage,
 And ev'ry Turn redoubles all their Rage;
 'Till as their Rage renews, their Strength decays,
 And impotent, they part, with equal Praise.

See, where the Youth, to Ease and Plenty bred,
 Leaves, for the Chace, the Blessings of the Bed;
 Rouz'd by the Horn, his Cheeks with Pleasure glow,
 And Joys unknown within his Bosom flow.
 The gen'rous Steed with Ardour beats the Way,
 Pants for the Course, and starts in wanton Play;
 O'er the high Fence in youthful Heat he springs,
 And with his Neighing all the Valley rings:
 Exulting now, he bounds along the Plain,
 Or feels the Rein.

Such Sports as these *Britannia's* Sons employ,
 To such they rush with more than common Joy.
 Thus *Greece*, thus *Rome*, amidst the Nations rose,
 And pour'd, all terrible, upon their Foes :
 Their Foes, unable to sustain their Pow'r,
 Sunk in Oblivion, and are known no more.
 O mighty TIME ! what Conquests hast thou made !
 (The Garlands wither, and the Marbles fade ;)
 Press'd by thy Hand, the World itself shall fall,
 And universal CHAOS reign o'er all !

Romantick Scenes here open to the View,
 Scenes that surprize, and Prospects that are new.
 There ruin'd Turrets spread a solemn Gloom,
 The Tombs around bid Men to know their Doom;
 Wide spreading o'er the Steep, see Gardens rise,
 There the long Depth with Horror fills the Eyes :
 How smooth below the River flows along,
 The River worthy of a nobler Song :
 Like *Nilus*, yearly breaks its antient Bound,
 Rapid and rough it thund'ring foams around.
 Here flow'ry Vallies give the Mind Delight,
 Hills, Seats, and Woods, here pour upon the Sight :
 Here, *Tiverton*, thy antient Temple stands,
 That felt the Touch of sacrileg'ous Hands :

There *Edward's* Daughter mingles with thy Dust,
 Defac'd the Marble, and destroy'd the Bust!
 How base the Hands that cou'd such Ruin spread,
 And wreck vain Veng'ance on th' illustrious Dead.

When through thy Vistas, *Collyprist*, I say,
 Where the tall Elm will scarce admit the Day;
 A sacred Gloom within my Bosom reigns,
 And Inspiration swells my glowing Veins!
 O say, what holy Visions fire my Breast!
 What Pow'r unseen compels me to be blest!

'Tis He, I feel, (the Muses sacred Sire,)
 His *Delphick* Fury, and *Sibyllan* Fire!
 'Tis He, the God, who warms me with his Beam,
 His Prophet I, and *Tiverton* the Theme!
 Ev'n now, he circles all my Head with Bays,
 And bids me shun the common Lust of Praise;
 Bids me to triumph in domestick Life,
 Blest in some Friends, and in a worthy Wife:
 Pleas'd with the Joys that this Retirement yields,
 (These sacred Groves, and these *Elysian* Fields:)
 Or *Pope*, or *Swift*, or *Milton* here I read,
 Or hold high Converse with the antient Dead;
 With *Horace*, *Tully*, *Solomon*, or *Paul*,
 Unerring Sages, Names rever'd by all.

Or praise the Living, who in Life excell,
 And sing what Marbles will hereafter tell.
 Of *Hatton*, and of *Rowe*, the Muse shall sing,
 And sprightly rise, and lightly touch the String. —
 Such Worth, such Wisdom, — but she dares reveal
 No more their Virtues, than their Names conceal:
 Then tune the Song for Men of former Days:
 Immortal Deeds deserve immortal Praise:
 To save from ev'ry Want, and ev'ry Care,
 And fill the panting Heart with Gladness here;
 To teach the Young in Virtue's Paths to tread,
 And by just Knowledge in those Paths to lead,
 Is truly great; — such Memoirs shall supply
 A Monument, when ev'ry Muse shall die:
 Ye Souls (who here were like your Maker) say,
 What Bliss it gives ye in the Realms of Day,
 To hear eternal Blessings round you roll,
 And all your Names resound from Pole to Pole?
 Hail *Greenway*, *Blundell*, Names for ever dear,
 Whom ev'ry Tongue shall bless, and ev'ry Heart revere!
 Where art thou Virtue; antient Virtue, fled?
 In what Etherial Realms lifts thou thy Head?
 Where shall we seek thee? O! where find thee now,
 To plant fresh Laurels on thy blasted Brow?

Where flows the *Lomán*, there the *Dome* appears,
 Whose Fame increases as increase its Years;
 For Wisdom there distilling on the Heart,
 Unlocks each Science, and unfolds each Art.
 This well he knew who bid the Structure rise,
 (Himself, long since, ascended to the Skies,)
 And thus He spoke, — *To Pallas, and the Nine,*
This I devote, — O favour the Design! —
 Nor more he said : — The Goddess heard his Vow,
 And swore by *Him* who makes the Mountains bow,
 The same should flourish in eternal Youth,
 Preserv'd by *Her*, by *Phœbus*, and by *Truth*.
 Then quick descending from th' *Ethereal Bow'rs*,
 Where blooms eternal Spring, and never-fading Flow'rs,
 She rose resplendent to his dazzl'd Sight,
 As mild as *May*, as glitt'ring as the *Light* :
 And smiling said, — “ O *Blundell*, this thy *Dome*
 Shall vie with *Athens*, or *Politer Rome* ;
 And here conspicuous will I fix my Seat,
 And leave dull Pedants to harangue the Great ;
 From Faction, Criticks, and the World's false Noise,
 Here dwell secure, and nought disturb my Joys :
 Here Thirst of Knowledge shall the Youth inspire,
 To read a *Virgil* with a *Virgil's Fire* ;
 With the same Spirit shall they here declaim,

And when their Country shall their Aid demand,
 Then shall they join the *Patriot's* honest Band;
 Like *Cato* strive to crush a venal Crew,
 And fling the Bolt impartial where 'tis due:
 Blest in the Instructions that this School shall give,
 See other *Senecas* and *Platos* live;
 And other *Plutarchs*, from whose nerv'ous Pen,
 How great thy Virtue shall be known to Men!
 I see, I see, through a long Length of Days,
 Some of the Masters who shall swell thy Praise.
 Skill'd in all Tongues, see *Rayner* treads the Stage,
 Severe his Virtue, awful in his Age;
 While others follow all the musty Rules
 Of barb'rous Monks, or flow phlegmatic Fools,
 From ev'ry Weed, lo! *Rayner* clears the Ground,
 And in his *Grammar* all the Man is found!

Smith next, who, with inimitable Art,
 Tempers the Master with the Parent's Part;
 Lures the young Mind his Precepts to regard,
 And makes ev'n Learning be its own Reward.

Jones, ever gentle, moulds the Soul with Ease,
 Born to instruct, and only lives to please.

W—y alone. (curst with excessive Pride)

To him I leave dry Puns in Scales to poize,
 And wield a Birch, the Terror of all Boys;
 But see, his Successor*, my fav'rite Son,
 Compleats the Work that *Jones* had just begun;
 Of Manners mild, he scorns the *Pasces* Aid,
 Great in his Genius, in his Temper stay'd;
 Partial to none, yet lov'd alike by all,
 His Works shall praise him, Thousands weep his Fall.

Enough, O Muse! nor, in thy humble Lays,
 Sing the glad Blessings of *Blundelian* Days:
 Thine is the Lot to sit beneath the Shade;
 There triumph thou,—while Wealth and Honours fade:
 There sooth the Fair, or praise the sober Swain,
 While Flocks and Herds stand list'ning to the Strain:
 The Strain, devoid of Flatt'ry, and of Art,
 Shall raise a Friendship in each honest Heart."

11:7:49